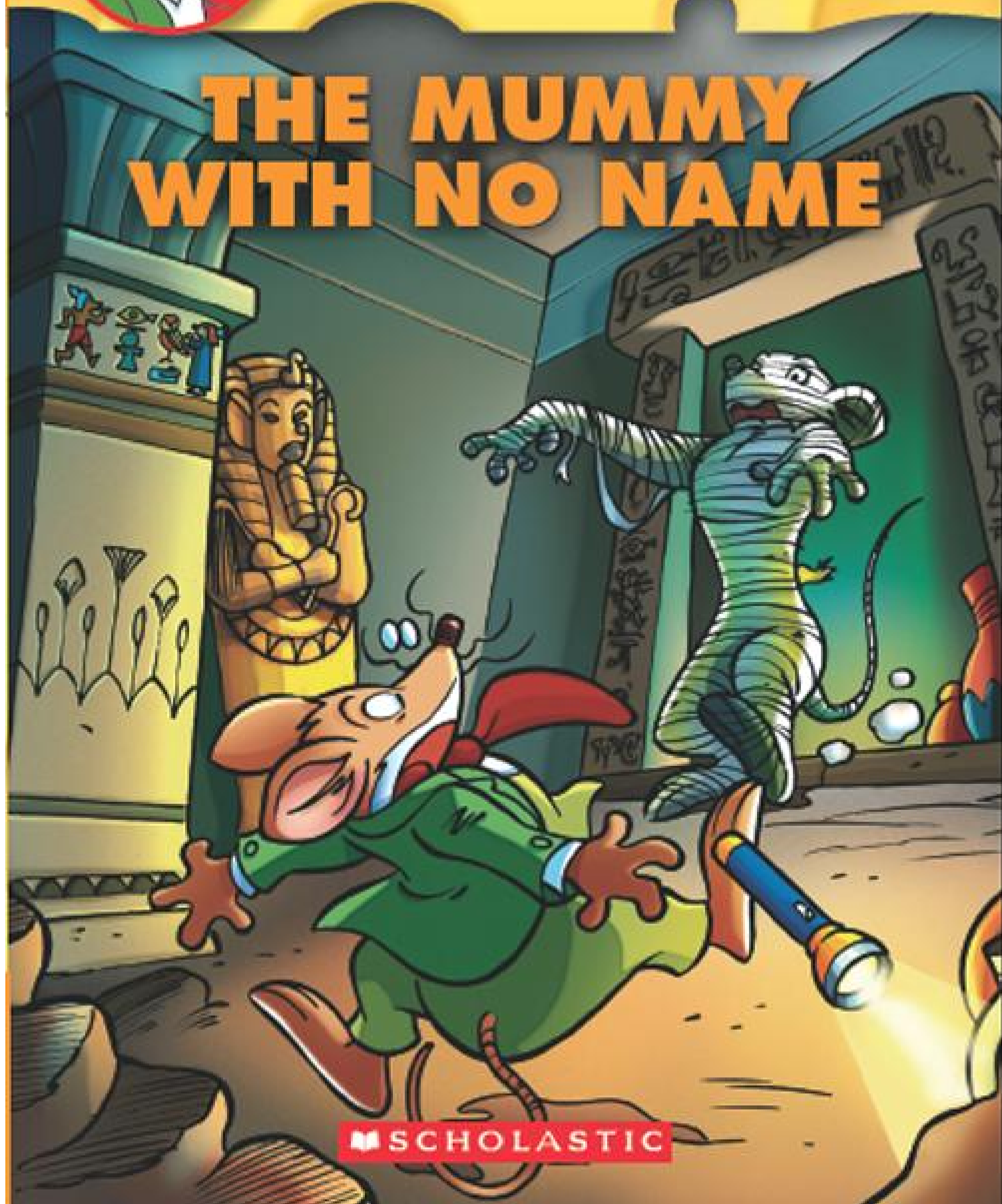




Geronimo Stilton

THE MUMMY WITH NO NAME



SCHOLASTIC

Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton



THE RODENT'S GAZETTE
EDITORIAL STAFF





Geronimo Stilton

A learned and brainy mouse; editor of *The Rodent's Gazette*

Thea Stilton

Geronimo's sister and special correspondent at *The Rodent's Gazette*



Trap Stilton
An awful joker; Geronimo's cousin and owner of the store Cheap Junk for Less

Benjamin Stilton
A sweet and loving nine-year-old mouse; Geronimo's favorite nephew



Geronimo Stilton

THE MUMMY WITH NO NAME



Scholastic Inc.

New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney
Mexico City New Delhi Hong Kong Buenos Aires



IT WAS A COLD OCTOBER AFTERNOON . . .

It was a cold October afternoon. Outside, the wind whipped the leaves around in swirls of red and gold. I was glad I wasn't a field mouse. I'd be **freezing** my tail off! Luckily, I was nice and warm, snuggled inside my comfy home doing one of my favorite things . . . reading.



I was lazily reading a book...



Sipping a cup of hot cocoa...

Munching on cheese puffs...



when my cell phone rang.



I received a text message:

STILTON, I NEED YOUR HELP
ON A MYSTERIOUS CASE!
SIGNED PROFESSOR
CYRIL T. SANDSNOUT

Do you know Professor Sandsnout? He is an expert on everything there is to know about Egypt. He is also the director of the Egyptian Mouseum in New Mouse City. And he is one of my dearest friends.

Oops! I think I forgot to introduce myself. Silly me! My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*.



W-W-WHO ARE Y-Y-YOU?

I wondered why Professor Sandsnout needed my help. I decided to go visit him at the museum and find out. Of course, a trip to the museum is always a lot more fun with my favorite little nephew, Benjamin.

I quickly called my aunt Sweetfur's mouse hole. That's where Benjamin lives.

"Would you like to come with me to the Egyptian Mouseum?" I asked my nephew. "You can bring a friend if you'd like."

There was an excited squeak on the other end of the phone.



I took off for Aunt Sweetfur's right away. I knocked on the front door, then strolled inside. That's when I was hit with a big surprise. And I mean **hit**. With a **whoosh**, the kitchen door crashed open and slammed me right in the whiskers!

"AAAAH!" I screeched before I passed out.

As soon as I came to, I saw a little female mouse standing over me. She had black hair that she wore in lots of tiny braids.





A green **BANDANNA** with little hearts on it covered the top of her head. And an expensive camera hung around her neck.

She grabbed my paw and squeezed it hard. Holey cheese! Who taught this mouse how to shake paws? **Mad Mouse Max**, the bone-crushing rodent wrestler? I wondered if I'd ever be able to write again.

"W-w-who are y-y-you?" I stammered, massaging my sore paw. The **STRANGE** little mouse broke into a **wide** grin. "I'm **BUGSY WUGSY!** That's **B-U-G-S-Y W-U-G-S-Y!**" she shrieked. My ear started ringing. I wondered if I'd ever hear out of it again. First my **paw**, then my **ear**. Who was this mouselet, and what would she do **NEXT**? I was afraid to find out.

BUGSY WUGSY

FIRST NAME: BUGSY

LAST NAME: WUGSY

NICKNAME: LITTLE TORNADO

WHO SHE IS: PETUNIA PRETTY PAWS'S NIECE

HER INTERESTS: LIKE HER AUNT PETUNIA,
SHE LOVES EVERYTHING ABOUT NATURE,
ANIMALS, AND PLANTS.

HER FAVORITE SPORT:
CLIMBING TREES

HER SECRET: SHE HAS
A CRUSH ON
BENJAMIN!



BUGSY WUGSY



MAY I CALL YOU UNCLE G?

I stared at Bugsy. Now the little mouse was jumping around like Benjamin's robotic rat doll on super-high speed.

"I can't believe it's really you—*Geronimo Stilton*! I've heard so much about you! You're the publisher of *The Rodent's Gazette*, the most famous newspaper in New Mouse City!" she squeaked. "May I call you Uncle Geronimo? Or how about . . . **UNCLE G?**"

She began skipping around me faster and faster. I was getting dizzy just looking at her. Then there was a sickening **crunch**.



UNCLE G!!!



**“YIKES!
MY TAIL!”** I
screamed at the
top of my lungs.

Bugsy stopped
skipping. **“Oops, sorry, Uncle G.”** she said.
She grabbed a chair. “Here, why don’t you
sit down?” she suggested. But while she was
helping me into the chair, she accidentally
stomped on my paw. **“YIKES! MY
PAW!”** I screamed again.

Bugsy **shook her head**. “Excuse me,
Uncle G,” she squeaked. “But you really
should be a little more careful. At this rate,
you’re going to end up in the
emergency room. How do
you even manage to get
through the day?”



I was fuming. Who did this **little pipsqueak** think she was?

Luckily, Aunt Sweetfur rushed over before I pulled out all of my fur. “**Poor Geronimo**,” she gushed. In a flash, she bandaged my **tail**. Then she massaged my paw and made us each a cup of steaming **Hot Cocoa**.



“So, Benjamin told me that you are going to have a **HALLOWEEN** party,” Aunt Sweetfur said, sitting down next to me.

I nodded. I’m not really big on Halloween—it’s such a **SPOOKY** holiday. But I love throwing

THEME PARTIES!

Just then, Bussy screeched so loudly I felt like I'd been standing in the front row of a **Fuzzy Fuzzborn** concert for twelve hours.

"A p-a-r-t-y? Yeeeeeeah! I love parties!" she squeaked.

The little mouse flung her paws around me in a **crushing hug**.

"Can't breathe . . . can't breathe," I gasped.

"What's that, Uncle G? Did you say you can't wait?" she yelped. "Oh, I can't wait for the party, either!"

I rolled my eyes. Well, Bussy was right about one thing. I couldn't wait. That is, I couldn't wait to get away from Bussy!





AH, PETUNIA

Right at that moment, my cell phone rang.

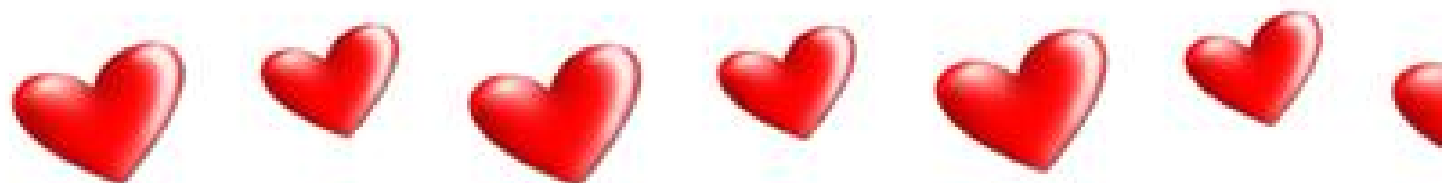
“Hello. This is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*,” I said.

A sweet voice answered on the other end. “Hi, G!” it squeaked.

I immediately blushed. Thank goodness, the caller couldn’t see me! It was my fascinating friend Petunia Pretty Paws. She’s a TV reporter who has dedicated her life to saving animals and nature. I have had a huge crush on her for the longest time. But whenever



Hi, G!



I'm around her I turn into a babbling, blundering fool!

"I just wanted to check on my **favorite** niece," Petunia squeaked into the phone.

I didn't know what she was talking about. "Y-y-your niece?" I muttered, confused.

Just then, **BUGSY** pulled at my jacket sleeve. "Is that Aunt Petunia?" she asked.

My head was **spinning**. I couldn't believe it. How could such a **beautiful**, gentle, sweet mouse like Petunia have such a jumpy, loud, **annoying** niece like Bugsy?

"Yes, Bugsy is my niece," Petunia was saying into the phone. "And I need you to do me a favor and take good care of her for a week while I'm away. Thanks, G. Bye-bye!"



Y-y-your niece?



I hung up the phone in a daze. Responsible for Buggy? I wasn't thrilled about that, but I'd do anything for Petunia.

"Hey, Uncle G, why are you smiling like that? Are you in love with my aunt? Will you marry her? Can I be your flower mouse? What kind of wedding cake are you going to have? Ooh, I have an idea! I'll call Aunt Petunia and tell her *you're in love with her*," Buggy squeaked.

I jumped to my paws. "**No! NO! Don't call Petunia!**" I shouted.

Buggy shook her head. "Face it, Uncle G, you're one **lovesick mouse!**" she insisted.

My head began to pound. I felt like I was going to explode. "I am not your uncle! I am not sick!" I yelled.

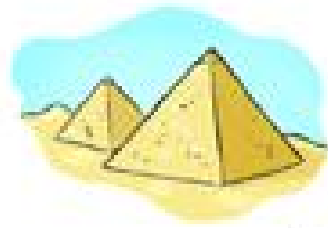
Just then, the phone rang. It was Petunia Pretty Paws again.

“G? I want to remind you to treat my niece well,” she said. “She’s such an angel.” I shook my head as if in a trance. Then I hung up the phone with a deep sigh. What was it about Petunia that made me all **weak in the paws**?

I caught Bugsy watching me. She had a smirk on her snout as she turned to Benjamin. “Do you know that when your uncle talks with my aunt, he really looks very **goofy**,” she told my nephew.

I pretended not to hear. What else could I do?





D-D-DON'T BE AFRAID!

Waving good-bye to Aunt Sweetfur, Benjamin, Bugsy, and I headed out to the Egyptian Mouseum. When we got there, I looked around. How *strange*. Usually there is a **LOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONG** line to get in to the museum. But today, there wasn't *a rodent* in sight.





THE GODDESS BASTET

With the body of a woman and the head of a cat, this ancient Egyptian goddess was the protector of fire, cats, pregnant women, and the home. To obtain her favors, the ancient Egyptians offered fresh fish to house cats, which were considered to be her earthly representatives. Her temple was located in the ancient city of Bubastis in northern Egypt.

I pulled open the heavy door. It let out a loud **CREAK** that made me jump. I don't know why, but something about the empty museum gave me the creeps. In the Great Hall, we were greeted by an enormous statue of Bastet, the Egyptian goddess with the head of a cat. **Cheese niblets**, that cat made me **shiver**! I grabbed Benjamin's and Bugsy's paws.

"D-d-don't worry, everything is OK. D-d-don't be afraid," I stammered.



Benjamin squeezed my paw. "I'm not afraid, Uncle Geronimo," he squeaked.

"Don't worry about us, Uncle G! We're not afraid of anything!" Buggy yelled at the top of her lungs. Her voice **ECHOED** in the deserted museum.

Right then, Buggy realized that she had forgotten her camera in the car.

"We'll be right back, Uncle G. You wait for us here," she hollered. She grabbed Benjamin's paw and sprinted back outside.

I stood alone in the cold, dusty lobby. "**Achoo!**" I sneezed. Did I mention I'm allergic to dust and mold and even rubber flip-flops? But that's another story.

Anyway, where was I? Oh yes, I was standing alone in the dark Great Hall of the museum when I heard a loud **BANG**.



I spun around. The velvet rope that surrounded an ancient stone coffin known as a sarcophagus had collapsed in a heap. How strange.

I went closer to read the plaque in front of the coffin: **THE MUMMY WITH NO NAME**. I sniffed the air. What was that **DISGUSTING,**
MUSTY SMELL?

All of a sudden, a real **MUMMY**, covered in dust and wrapped in yellowed bandages, emerged from the sarcophagus. I froze. Rat-munching rattlesnakes!

"I AM THE MUMMY WITH NO NAME!" the mummy roared. I was so scared I lost my squeak.



The **MUMMY WITH NO NAME** shuffled closer. It almost touched my whiskers.

“Leave, before it is too late!” it hissed in my ear. Then it stumbled down the dark corridor, leaving a trail of thousand-year-old dust behind it.

I couldn't move. I couldn't breathe. I couldn't see. A sudden **FLASH** of light blinded me. Then a voice shouted, “Hey, Uncle G! Hope you don't mind my taking your picture. You know, you really should trim your *whiskers*. They're a mess.”



Bugsy and Benjamin were back. But had they seen the **MUMMY**?





I'M NOT CRAZY!

I was a wreck. My paws were shaking. My whiskers were twitching. And my eyes felt like they were about to pop out of their sockets, roll back to my car, and drive away without me!

“I S-S-S-SAW A M-M-M-MUMMY! BUT D-D-DON'T BE A-F-F-FRAID!” I managed to stutter.

Benjamin looked surprised. “A mummy?” he murmured.

“Y-yes, a *real* mummy. And he told me to leave b-b-before it's too late,” I added.

Benjamin looked around. “I don't see anyone. Are you sure you're feeling OK, Uncle Geronimo?” he squeaked.

Bugsy looked at me. Then she began to whisper in Benjamin's ear.

I couldn't hear everything she said, but I did make out the words **looney tunes**, **nuts**, and **lost his cheddar**.

I puffed up my fur. "I am not crazy! I did see a **MUMMY**!" I insisted.

Bugsy giggled. "Well, of course you saw a mummy, Uncle G," she said. "There are tons of mummies here. We're in the Egyptian Mouseum!"

I groaned. I was beginning to think I should head right on back to my cozy mouse hole when someone—or something—pinched my tail.

"**RANCID RAT HAIRS!**" I shrieked. "**THE MUMMY!**"

THEN I FAINTED.



When I came to, an *intellectual-looking* mouse with blondish fur and round eyeglasses was standing between Benjamin and Bugsy, leaning over me. “You’re right, Geronimo. You did see a mummy. That’s why I asked you to come to the museum. I need your help in solving the mystery,” the rodent murmured.

I sat up immediately. I would recognize that mouse anywhere. It was my dear old friend, **PROFESSOR CYRIL B. SANDSNOUT.**

PROFESSOR CYRIL B. SANDSNOUT

NAME: CYRIL

LAST NAME: SANDSNOUT

NICKNAME: DESERT RAT

WHO HE IS: DIRECTOR

OF THE EGYPTIAN
MUSEUM IN NEW
MOUSE CITY

HIS WORK: TRAVELING
AROUND THE
WORLD IN SEARCH
OF MYSTERIOUS
PAPYRUSES

HIS HOBBY: READING JOKE BOOKS.
HE LOVES TO TELL JOKES TO HIS
FRIENDS AND RELATIVES.

HIS SECRET: HE ADORES PLAYING
PRANKS!





TWO NEW ASSISTANTS FOR THE PROFESSOR

“Professor Sandsnout!” I squeaked.

The professor put one paw up in front of his snout. “*Shhhhhhh! Someone could be listening! Follow me!*” he whispered.

The professor turned right, then left, then right, then left, then down a long hallway to a **R^{OUND}** room. He crossed the **R^{OUND}** room, then a **RECTANGULAR** room, and then a **SQUARE** room. Benjamin, Buggy, and I followed close behind him. **Holey cheese!** This place was worse than the corn maze at Rascal Ralph’s Festival Fun Farm in Scamperville!

At last, the professor stopped in front of a tiny door. A plaque on the door read:



The professor pulled an **ENORMOUSE** key ring from his pocket. Then he selected a key and opened the door. We found ourselves in an office that was covered in dust. “**Achoo! Achoo!**” I sneezed.

After about three hundred more sneezes, I looked around. The place was covered from floor to ceiling with books. Do you know what all of the books were about? **ANCIENT EGYPT**, of course!



ANCIENT EGYPT



THE NILE

Egyptian civilization developed along the Nile River. During periodic flooding, the waters of this river left precious mud along its banks, containing lime, which made the land very fertile.



THE PYRAMIDS OF GIZA

The plains of Giza are dominated by three pyramids, which were built by the pharaohs Khufu, Khafre, and Menkaure about 4,500 years ago. The Great Pyramid, built by Khufu, is approximately 482 feet tall, and the base is immense—each side is 756 feet long. It took more than twenty years to construct.

THE SPHINX

The Sphinx is 240 feet long and 66 feet tall. It may be the largest statue ever carved from a single block of limestone. Pharaoh Khafre had it sculpted (around 2620 B.C.). Thutmoses IV, who ruled from 1412 to 1402 B.C., freed the Sphinx from the encroaching sand and gave it a face-lift. Legend blames Napoleon and his troops for shooting off the nose around 1798, but this story isn't true.

In Greek mythology, the Sphinx was a monster with the body of a lion and the head of a human. It lived near the city of Thebes. It would devour all those who, when passing through, did not know how to solve its extremely difficult riddles or enigmas.



The professor gave a deep sigh and turned to me. “This room is soundproof from any eavesdroppers. Now we can talk without being heard, dear friend,” he said, smiling.

I **smiled** back, but I must admit the whole soundproof room thing made me a little panicky. I mean, what if the door got stuck and we couldn’t get out? No one would be able to hear our screams! We’d end up just like the mummies in this place—very **OLD** and very **DEAD**. Well, except for the one I saw walking around. I **shivered**. I introduced Professor Sandsnout to Benjamin and Buggy to take my mind off of things.

The professor talked to the little mice about **MUMMIES**,





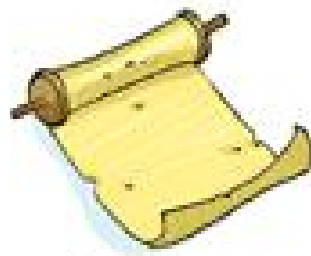
SARCOPHAGI,

and **PYRAMIDS.**



Then he made them his official assistants.





THE MYSTERY OF THE MUMMY WITH NO NAME



Once Benjamin and Bugsy had stopped **squeaking** over their new positions, the professor turned serious.

“Now that you are here,” he began. “I’m hoping you can help me solve a **MYSTERY**. As you can see, the **EGYPTIAN MUSEUM** is deserted. That’s because something is **scaring** the visitors away!”

I chewed my **whiskers**. “**THE M-M-M-MUMMY WITH NO N-N-N-NAME?**” I stammered.



Wow! A golden sarcophagus!

PROFESSOR SANDSNOUT nodded. He explained how he had been doing some work down in the museum's basement the week before. Apparently, the area had been closed for many years. But the professor found a **GOLDEN SARCOPHAGUS** there. It contained a **STRANGE** mummy that the professor called **THE MUMMY WITH NO NAME**. He put the **SARCOPHAGUS** in the Great Hall, so all of the visitors could see it.

"That's right where I saw it," I murmured.

The professor nodded, and explained how the mysterious mummy had been **terrorizing** visitors ever since. "It warns everyone to stay away. Then it disappears in a cloud of dust," he said.

My fur stood on end. I had seen **THE MUMMY WITH NO NAME!**

I AM THE MUMMY WITH NO NAME!



A mysterious mummy ...

... who howls threats ...

... and disappears in a cloud of dust!



I AM THE PHARAOH . . .

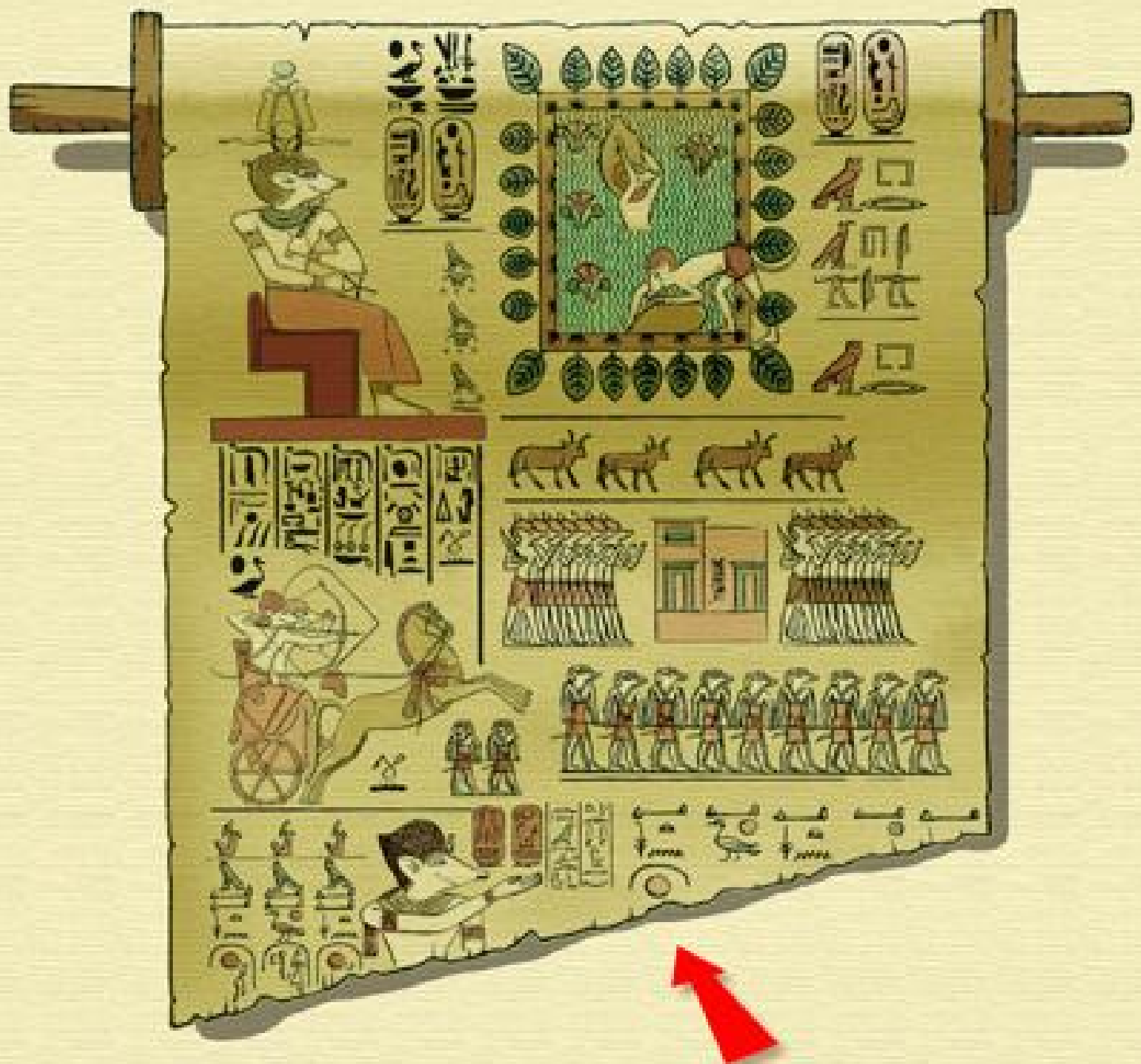
Professor Sandsnout continued, “On the inside of the golden sarcophagus, there was also an ancient manuscript written on **PAPYRUS**. I’ll show it to you now. Unfortunately, the ending is missing.”

HIEROGLYPHICS

The word *hieroglyphics* means “sacred incision.” It comes from the Greek words *hieros* (sacred) and *glyphein* (incision). There are two types of hieroglyphics: ideograms, or drawings that represent concepts (for example, the sun was shown as a disk), and phonograms, or drawings that represent sounds. In ancient Egypt, only scribes knew how to write in hieroglyphics. That is why scribes were held in high esteem.



**THE PAPYRUS FOUND BY PROFESSOR
SANDSNOUT IN THE GOLDEN
SARCOPHAGUS OF THE MUMMY
WITH NO NAME.**



**UNFORTUNATELY, THE PAPYRUS
IS MISSING THE END PIECE.**

Professor Sandsnout took out his wallet and pulled a piece of yellowed paper from it. Then he read these words out loud.

I am the pharaoh of Upper and Lower Egypt. I am now resting in a priceless golden sarcophagus. I ruled over the fertile lands near the River Nile and all of the rodents who lived there. I lived in a large palace with many servants. I commanded a powerful army. I knew many riches in my life. But my most precious treasure was . . .

Here the professor stopped and sighed. “As you can see . . . the **papyrus** is torn,” he said, holding up the paper. “Now we can only guess what the **precious treasure** might be or where it is. Oh, if only we could find that missing piece of **papyrus**.”



A treasure...



WHO TURNED OFF THE LIGHTS?

Before anyone could respond, we heard a sound — **CREAK!** I nearly jumped right out of my fur.



“W-w-what was that?” I gasped. My heart was beating so hard I felt like I had just finished the New Mouse City Marathon. Of course, the closest I’d ever gotten to the marathon was the time I watched it on TV while eating a giant double-decker **cheddar sandwich**. Yum!

For a minute, I almost forgot about the mummy. But then, we heard another creak. And then another, and another. Suddenly, all the lights went out.

“Stop! Who’s there? Who turned off the lights?” Professor Sandsnout yelled.

The same **DISGUSTING MUSTY ODOR** I had smelled earlier filled the air. Then we heard someone—or something—moaning.

WOOOOOO!

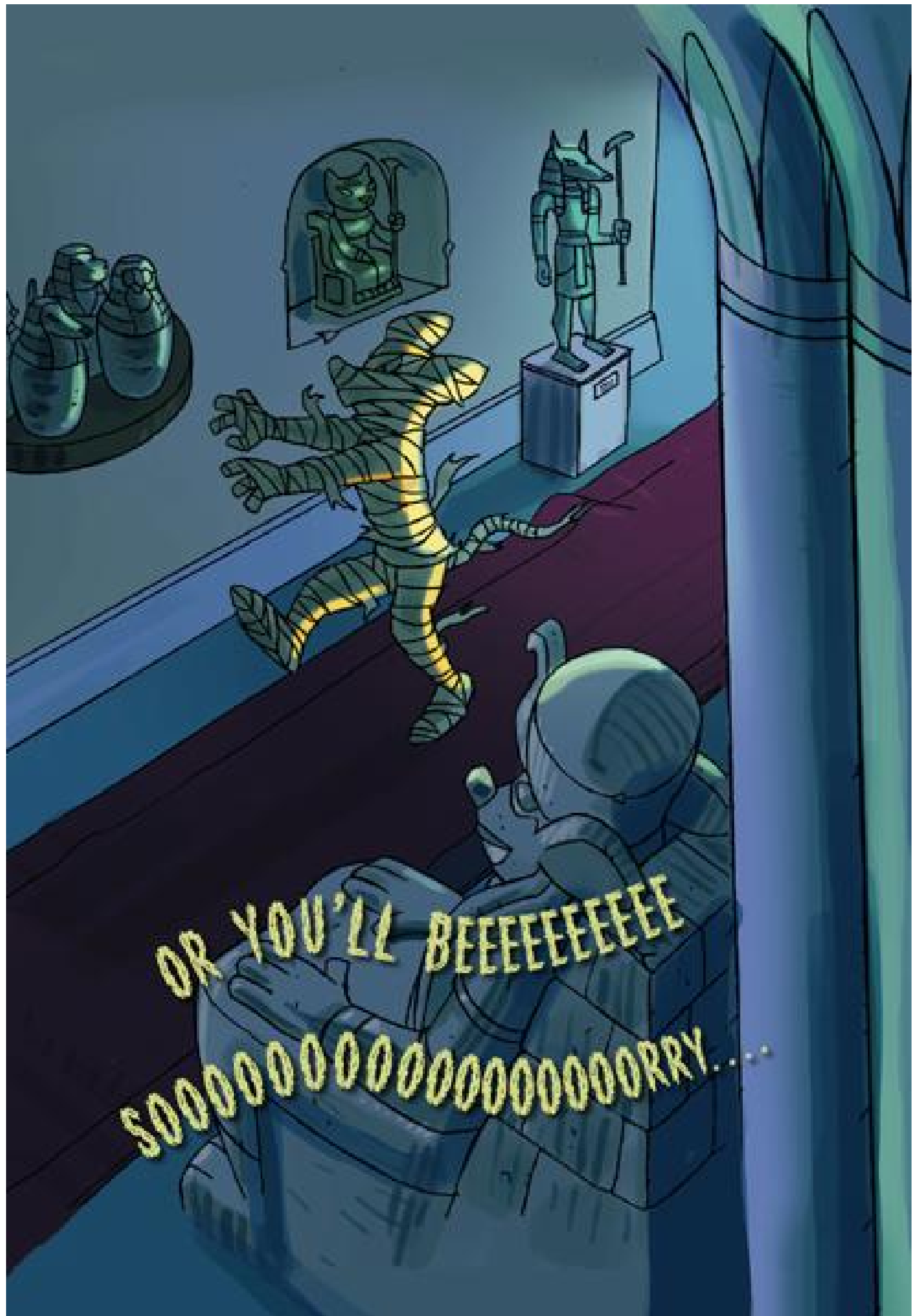
GOOOO AWAAAAAY...

**OR YOU’LL BEEEEEEEEEE
SOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRY....**

Wooooo!



GOOOO AWAAAAAY...



OR YOU'LL BEEEEEEEEEEEE
SOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRY...

A swishing sound followed. It sounded as if someone with bandaged feet was coming toward us. They shuffled closer and closer. Was it the **MUMMY**? Or some other **CREEPY** Egyptian monster? Rat-munching rattlesnakes! How much more could one mouse take?

Just when I was certain I would die of fright, we heard a muffled little laugh.

“Hee, hee, hee, hee...”

it cackled. The laugh grew weaker and weaker and weaker until it was gone.

Who was laughing at us?

Professor Sandsnout scrambled around in the dark and came back with a **FLASHLIGHT**. The beam of light threw **EERIE SHADOWS** around the room. Then he headed toward the circuit breaker and turned on the lights.

I looked around. Everything looked the same as before. Except for one thing —

The **papyrus** was gone!

The professor's fur turned as white as a slice of **mozzarella**.

He searched the floor, his desk, the inside of his garbage pail. But the **papyrus** was nowhere to be found. Someone had stolen it.



BUT WHO?

WHO?

WHO?



A MYSTERIOUS SHADOW

The professor looked **GLUM**. “Oh, why did I let that **papyrus** out of my paws? Now we’ve got to find both parts,” he groaned.

We started down the long, long hallway. I lagged behind. All of the dust was turning me into a sneezing machine. “**Achoo!**” I squeaked again and again. Finally, I stopped. And that’s when I saw it. A **MYSTERIOUS SHADOW** was growing on the wall.

It grew **bigger**. And **bigger**. Who was following me?

The shadow stretched toward me like a claw! I tried to **scream**, but no sound came out. Instead, I heard another sound. The sound of someone singing in an **OLD, RASPY voice**.





"Mummies creeping here and there.
Mummies, mummies everywhere!



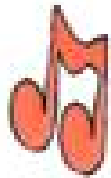
They stink of mold and rotten things.

They'll make you wish you had some wings.



Mummies hiding, watching, waiting.

Making you sweat, anticipating...



Mummies!"



The shadow was creeping closer and closer. "Please, don't hurt me! I come in peace!" I yelped. I held my breath as I turned the corner.

But there was no mummy there at all. The shadow belonged to an old lady mouse with thick glasses. She was washing the

museum floor with a bucket of soapy water and a mop. When she smiled, I could see she was wearing dentures.



I turned **purple** with embarrassment.

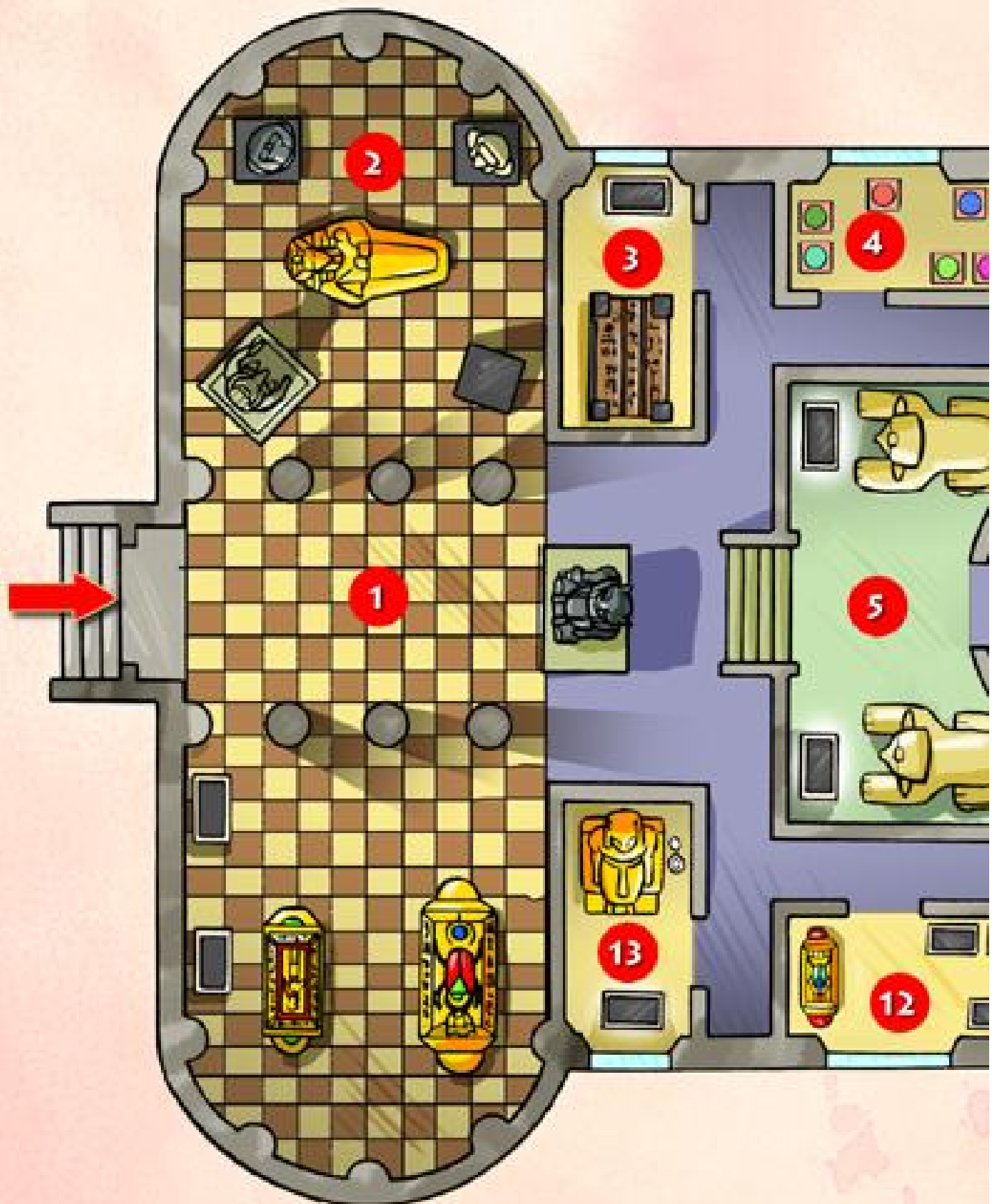


So this was who had scared me out of my wits? This frail little old lady mouse who looked like she wouldn't swat a fly? I gave her a **sheepish smile**. Then I **RAN** off.

"Mummies creeping here and there."

Soon I caught up with Benjamin, Bugsy, and the professor. Professor Sandsnout gave me a sheet of paper. "This is the floor plan of the museum, Geronimo," he explained. "You will need it to help me search for the missing **papyrus**."

THE EGYPTIAN MUSEUM OF NEW MOUSE CITY



1. Great Hall
2. Mummy with No Name
3. Hall of Papyrus
4. Hall of Vases and Urns
5. Hall of the Great Sphinx
6. Stairs
7. Hall of Scarabs
8. Hall of Sarcophagi
9. Jewelry
10. Stairs leading to the Underground Chambers
11. Professor Sandsnout's Office
12. Hall of Amulets
13. Hall of Ramses the Great





THE HALL OF SCARABS

After a little while, we reached what was known as the Hall of Scarabs. We tried to go inside, but the door was locked. Professor Sandsnout turned back to get the keys from his office.

Benjamin and Buggy played word games while they waited. I would have joined in, but I was too busy sneezing. “**Achoo! Achoo! Achoo!**”

“**GOD BLESS YOU!**” a little voice called out. It seemed to be coming from a dark corner at the end of the hall.

“Thank you!” I answered automatically. Then I froze. Yikes! Was it the **MUMMY**?

"I WANT TO TAKE A PICTURE OF THE MUMMY!"

Dust.

**"Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo,
Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo,
Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo,
Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo,
Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo!"**



The mummy took advantage of our sneezing fits and ran off down the hall. At that moment, Professor Sandsnout came back with the keys. We quickly told him what had happened.

“The **MUMMY** appeared again? Incredible...” he squeaked, unlocking the door.



We entered the Hall of Scarabs.

A beautiful collection of **gold**, **silver**, **copper**, **jade**, **alabaster**, **ruby**, **emerald**, and **topaz** Egyptian beetles was on exhibit. The professor explained that the scarab was a sacred symbol to the ancient Egyptians. It was the symbol of immortality.

A **shiver** ran up my spine. **Bugs** make my fur crawl.

“D-d-don’t be afraid,” I told Benjamin and Buggy, **GRABBING** their paws.

“I’m not afraid!” Benjamin replied.

“Don’t you just love **bugs**, Uncle G?” Buggy said, grinning.







Look at the scarabs!



THE HALL OF SARCOPHAGI

While the others were admiring the beetles, I stepped into the next room to get as far away from the bugs as I could. The room was called the Hall of Sarcophagi. In it, a long row of sarcophagi leaned against one wall. The coffins were made of **MARBLE**, **GRANITE**, and **PAINTED WOOD**. There were even some made of **GOLD**!

Many of the sarcophagi had faces painted on them. I guessed that these were the faces of the dead mice inside. **CHEESE NIBLETS**! Being around all of those dead mice was beginning to make me feel **queasy**. Then I spotted one sarcophagus that was empty.





I bent down to read its plaque, when . . . someone behind me pushed me inside! The lid closed on top of me with a sickening thud. I was trapped!

“**Help!!!!**” I screamed at the top of my lungs. **Moldy mozzarella!** I was terrified beyond belief.

Oh, how did I get myself into this mess? Tears rolled down my fur.

Luckily, my friends had heard my **shouts**. The lid opened and they quickly pulled me out of the coffin.

“Were you **crying**, Uncle G?” Bugsy asked.

“Um, er, no. I just got some dust in my eye,” I lied. After all, I didn’t want everyone thinking I was a **’fraidy mouse**.









THE HIDDEN TRAPDOOR

After a lot of work, we finished searching the whole Egyptian Museum. But we didn't find the missing **papyrus** or the treasure. Luckily, Professor Sandsnout had a plan.

"Let's go back to the **underground chamber** where I found **THE MUMMY WITH NO NAME**. Maybe we'll find something there," he suggested.

Oh no, I thought. Not the basement. I hate basements. They're so **DARK** and **COLD**. And some are crawling with bugs. Did I tell you I hate **bugs**?

I bit my lip and followed the others with shaky paws. The professor led the way down

the old spiral staircase. The flickering candle he held in his paw made **SPOOKY SHADOWS** on the walls.

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN we went until we reached the underground chamber. I looked around. The place was **PACKED** with stuff, just like the professor had said—urns, chests, bowls, statues. And everything was covered in dust. What a **PIGSTY**! Didn't any mouse ever clean

up around here? This place was almost as bad as **Packrat Pete's** living room. That rodent never threw anything away. Professor Sandsnout put the candle on the floor. "This is where I found the **GOLDEN SARCOPHAGUS**



that held **THE MUMMY WITH NO NAME**,” he explained.

There was so much **DUST** I could hardly breathe. I began to **PANIC**. What if I was having a life-threatening asthma attack? Then I remembered I don't have asthma. What a relief! I relaxed. I stared at the dusty floor. That's when I noticed some **STRANGE FOOTPRINTS**. I pointed them out to the professor, and we decided to follow them. The footprints led to a trapdoor on the floor.

The professor grabbed the heavy metal ring on the door and pulled with all of his might. “**Heeeave-ho!**” he squeaked. The door popped open. I was impressed. Who knew Professor Sandsnout had such **STRONG MUSCLES**?

Heeeave Ho!





A VERY DARK MOUSETRAP

We all peered down into the **HOLE**. “It’s a secret chamber!” the professor exclaimed. “Let’s go down and check it out.”

I began twisting my tail up in *knots*. Oh, how did I get myself into these scary **FUR-RAISING** situations?



One by one, we clambered down into the chamber. It was as dark as my mouse hole at midnight. Just then, a gust of wind blew out our candle and a loud **THUMP** echoed all around us. Everyone gasped. That **THUMP** could only mean one thing.

Someone—or something—had just shut the trapdoor on us.



At that moment, we heard the mummy's raspy voice moaning. "YOUUUUU WIIIIIII NEVVVVVER GET OOOOOOUUUUUUT!" it cried.

My tummy *flip-flopped*. "Professor, please tell me there's another exit," I pleaded.

In the dark, Professor Sandsnout sighed. "No, there isn't. We have about an hour of air. Let's try hard to *breathe* slowly and not to move around. That way, we can conserve the oxygen," he suggested.

I went into full **PANIC** mode. My fur began to **drip** with **sweat**. My **PAWS SHOOK**. My **whiskers twitched** uncontrollably. “**Waaaa!!!**” I shrieked like a newborn mouselet.

“Geronimo, don’t get **EXCITED**. You’re using up the **OXYGEN**!” the professor scolded.

“Yeah, Uncle G, keep your fur on!” Bugsy added.

I clamped a paw over my mouth. We were trapped in a giant **TOMB**! I tried to remember one of the **relaxing exercises** I had learned from my yoga teacher, *Penny Pretzel Paws*.

Before I could figure it out, an idea popped into my head. I told the professor to get on my shoulders. Then I told Benjamin to climb on top of the professor’s shoulders. Finally, I told Bugsy to get on Benjamin’s shoulders. **Cheeseake!** My idea worked! We had formed our very own rodent ladder.

Once Bussy was at the top, she was able to **push** the trapdoor open.

Cheese niblets! My friends weighed a lot! Bussy scampered out. Then she came back with a *rope*. One by one, she helped to pull us out of the dark underground chamber. I was so glad to be free that I started bawling again. Everyone stared at me. I turned **bright red**.

Luckily, a strange **swishing** sound took the attention off of me. Someone was hiding in the darkness. I turned around just in time to spot her. It was the little old cleaning lady! She had the



strangest look on her snout. “Nice weather we’re having,” she said. That’s when I noticed something sticking out of her purse.

It was the rolled **papyrus**! My eyes nearly **popped** out of my fur.

“Madam, give us back the **papyrus**!” I squeaked.



“**PAPYRUS? WHAT PAPYRUS?**” the old lady mumbled.

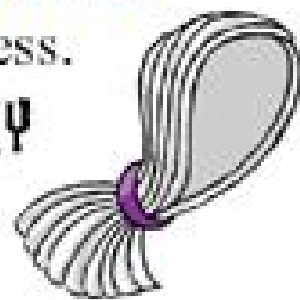
Then she took off like a shot. I was amazed. She was kicking up her paws like an Olympic track rat! She raced toward the stairs, snickering, and leaving only a **CLOUD OF DUST** behind her.





I KNOW WHO YOU ARE!

Bugsy and Benjamin **SPRANG** into action. First, Bugsy grabbed the **papyrus** with one paw. Then she reached for the old lady's hair. The little old lady was wearing a wig! Her real hair was **long and blond**. Then Benjamin reached for her dress. Under it, the mouse wore a **SLINKY BLACK JUMPSUIT**. With a snort, she whipped off false teeth and a **RUBBER MASK**. Holey cheese!



"I know who you are!" I squeaked. "You're the **SHADOW**!" Everyone in New Mouse City had heard of the **SHADOW**.



She was a notorious thief who was known for her clever disguises.

"That's right, **mousey**. I am the **SHADOW**," she boasted.

S AS IN I'LL **STEAL** THE CHEESE RIGHT FROM YOUR PAWS!

H AS IN **HAND** IT OVER!

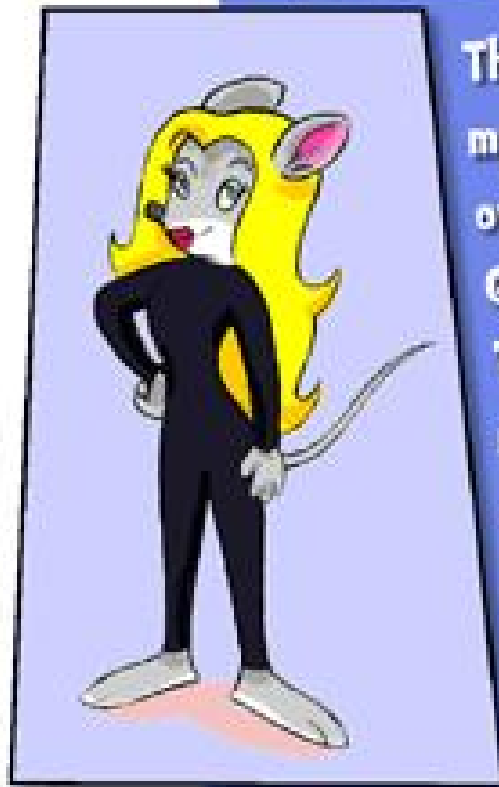
A AS IN I'LL **ALWAYS** BE AROUND!

D AS IN THE **DARKNESS** THAT SURROUNDS ME!

O AS IN **OH**. HOW I LOVE TO STEAL YOUR STUFF!

W AS IN **WATCH** YOUR STEP. I'M WAITING FOR YOU!

THE SHADOW



The Shadow is Sally Ratmousen's mysterious cousin. (Sally is the owner of *The Daily Rat* and is Geronimo's number-one rival.) The Shadow is a fascinating rodent who is willing to do anything to get rich. A master of disguises, she knows all the tricks so she can go about without being recognized.

"So *you* were the cleaning lady and the **MUMMY**!" I exclaimed. "You wanted to scare everyone away from the museum so you could find the **MUMMY**'s treasure."



The **SHADOW** smiled. She really was a gorgeous mouse. Too bad she was into stealing.

But before I could say anything else, the **SHADOW** began spraying something into the air. **Putrid cheese puffs!** She was spraying us with a **CLOUD OF DUST** so thick that even my supersonic cheese slicer wouldn't be able to cut through it! We all began **sneezing** uncontrollably.



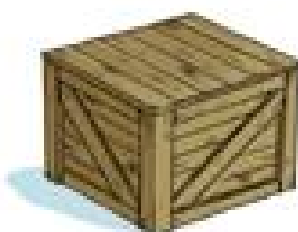
"Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo,
Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo,
Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo,
Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo,
Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo,
Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo,
Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo,
Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo, Achoo!"

A cartoon illustration of a brown mouse wearing a green suit jacket, a white shirt, and a red tie. The mouse is depicted in the middle of a sneeze, with its eyes closed and mouth open. It is holding a white handkerchief to its nose. The entire illustration is enclosed within a red circular border.

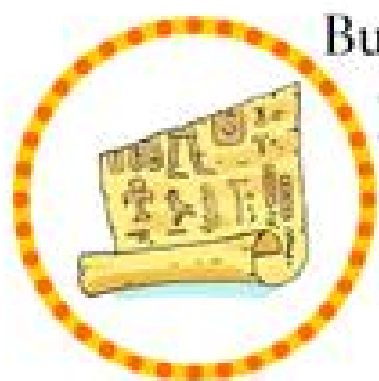
As soon as the **DUST** settled, I looked around. The **SHADOW** had disappeared.

“She got away again,” I said, sighing, feeling **down in the dumps**. We had been searching so hard for the **MUMMY**’s treasure. But we still came up **empty-pawed**.

Just then, Benjamin began tugging on my sleeve. I looked down and saw that he was holding a yellow sheet of paper. “What’s this, Uncle Geronimo? Bugsy and I found it under a **BIG WOODEN CHEST** when we were trapped underground,” he squeaked.



I looked at the paper. I cleaned my glasses. I looked at the paper again. It couldn’t be!



But it was! Benjamin and Bugsy had found the missing piece of the **papyrus**!



THE PHARAOH'S TREASURE

Professor Sandsnout was **ecstatic**. He hugged Benjamin and Buggy. “Great work, you two! Now we can finally figure out what the pharaoh’s **precious treasure** is!” he cried excitedly.

We went back to the professor’s office. We were all curious to find out what the treasure would be. Would it be gold? Would it be jewels? Carefully, the professor fit the two pieces of **papyrus** together. Then he began to translate the mysterious Egyptian hieroglyphics. . . .

HERE'S
THE FIRST
FRAGMENT OF
THE PAPYRUS!



HERE'S
THE
MISSING
FRAGMENT!





I am the pharaoh of Upper
and Lower Egypt.

I am now resting in a priceless
golden sarcophagus.

I ruled over the fertile lands near
the River Nile and all of the
rodents who lived there.

I lived in a large palace with
many servants.

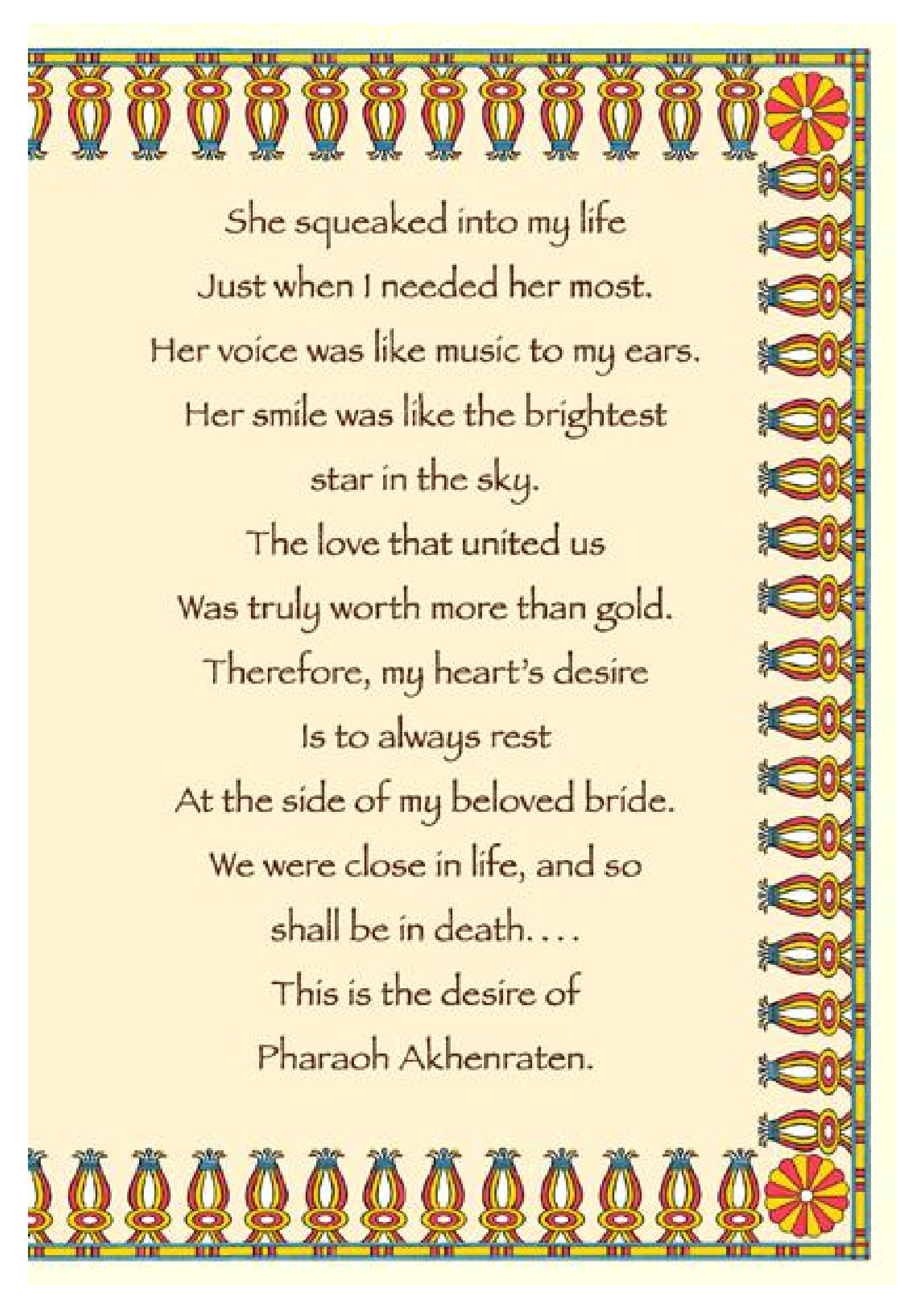
I commanded a powerful army.

I knew many riches in my life.

But my most precious treasure was . . .

. . . my beloved, loving bride, Neferati.

Beautiful and wise was Neferati,



She squeaked into my life
Just when I needed her most.
Her voice was like music to my ears.
Her smile was like the brightest
star in the sky.
The love that united us
Was truly worth more than gold.
Therefore, my heart's desire
Is to always rest
At the side of my beloved bride.
We were close in life, and so
shall be in death....
This is the desire of
Pharaoh Akhenraten.

When Professor Sandsnout finished translating, no one squeaked a word. What a wonderful *love story*. Maybe someday I would be head-over-paws in love, just like the pharaoh.

The professor turned on the computer. “Let’s see what we can find out about Pharaoh Akhenraten,” he said. He typed in the name. “*HERE it is!*” he exclaimed. He began to read out loud. “Pharaoh Akhenraten was married to the *beautiful*, *wise*, and extremely *talkative* Neferati. It is said their



THE PHARAOH AKHENRATEN AND HIS BELOVED BRIDE, NEFERATI, AND THEIR TWELVE CHILDREN!

love was stronger than the sharpest cheddar. They had twelve children. Their rule was happy and long. The pharaoh was against **BATTLES** and **WAR**. He strove to bring **peace**, **love**, and **happiness** to all of his people."

Benjamin grabbed my paw. "If the pharaoh wished so much to be buried next to Neferati, then can we find a way to reunite them, Uncle?" he asked.

Professor Sandsnout stared at the computer, deep in thought. He tugged on his beard, gnawed his paw nails, then twisted his tail up in a **knot**. Finally, he jumped out of his seat and pumped one paw in the air. **"Yes, we can do it!"** he squeaked.



We can do it!



A LOVE THAT WILL LAST FOREVER

The professor contacted the **MINISTER OF CULTURE OF NEW MOOSE CITY**. He got permission to take the **MUMMY** of Akhenraten back to Cairo, the capital of Egypt.



Since we helped find the missing **papyrus**, Professor Sandsnout asked all of us to join him. Even my friend *Petunia Pretty Paws* was allowed to come along. It was a **long** trip, but at last we arrived at the **CAIRO MUSEUM**.

Akhenraten's sarcophagus was taken to the **HALL OF MUMMIES**. It was placed next to Queen Neferati.



As the mummies were brought together, Professor Sandsnout spoke in a **SOLEMN** voice.

“**O kindhearted Akhenraten,**” he squeaked. “**We have returned you to Egypt, the land where you were born, and placed you beside your beloved bride. May the two of you sleep peacefully for all eternity.**”

I smiled. It was a great feeling to know that we had made the pharaoh’s last wish come true. Beside me, Petunia Pretty Paws sighed. “**How romantic.**” She beamed, grabbing my paw.

“Um, er, yes,” I agreed. I turned **BEET-RED**. Oh, why was I such a bumbling mess around Petunia? Was it because she was so sweet? Was it because she was so cute? Was it because she didn’t seem to notice

she was so sweet and cute and that I was a **BUMBLING MESS**?

I was still trying to figure it out as we boarded the plane for home. Petunia sat next to me. I checked my seat belt ten times, then read the air safety manual from front to back. Did I mention I **HATE** flying? Luckily, Petunia didn't seem to notice. Ah, what a mouse!





WHO WOULD BRING A SKATEBOARD TO EGYPT?

At long last, we arrived in New Mouse City. I waited for the airplane door to open. Then I began climbing down the stairs. But, I tripped on something! It was pink. It was flat. It had **wheels**. Cheese niblets! Who would bring a **SKATEBOARD** to Egypt?



“Hey, watch out for my skateboard, Uncle G!” I heard Buggy yell. Too late.

I fell **DOWN, DOWN, DOWN** the steep steps. I went into a **spin**. I somersaulted through the air. I landed **FLAT** on my belly with my snout in the pavement.

Then I wiggled my paws. I could hardly believe it. I was alive!

TWO SECONDS Later.

BUGSY'S SKATEBOARD LANDED ON MY HEAD.

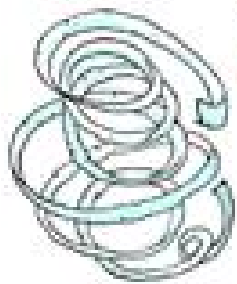
I WAS OUT LIKE A LIGHT.





IS YOUR BRAIN STILL WORKING?

When I came to, I was in the New Mouse City Hospital. I was wrapped in **SO MANY BANDAGES**, I looked just like an Egyptian mummy.



My head was **POUNDING**. I remembered the awful **NIGHTMARE** that had woken me. I dreamed that I was trapped in the Egyptian Mouseum and I was being chased by a **TERRIFYING MUMMY**. And there was a pesky little girl who had a **PINK SKATEBOARD**. And I tripped on the **SKATEBOARD** and fell down some stairs. And the **pesky little girl** kept calling me in a high, squeaky voice . . . “Uncle, G! Uncle G!” a high-pitched



voice broke into my thoughts. Startled, I saw a face peering down at me. It was a little female mouse with black braids.

My eyes popped open wide. “**B-b-bugsy?**” I stammered.

“Uncle G! You’re alive!” she squeaked. Then she waved her paws in front of my face. “Okay, Uncle G, let’s see if your brain is still working. How many paws do you see? Huh? How many? How many?” she shrieked. Then she rapped on my bandaged head. “**HELLO. IN THERE! CAN YOU HEAR ME?**” she yelled.



Now my head was **REALLY POUNDING**. “Two! Two! I see two paws!” I shouted.

“Don’t talk, Uncle G. Don’t even squeak! You need to rest! To relax! To eat! To sleep! And you’re in luck. I’m here to take care of you!” she announced.

Fortunately, my nephew Benjamin arrived before I had a **heart attack**. “How are you feeling, Uncle?” he asked, patting my paw softly.

“I’m feeling fine, Benjamin,” I said. What could I say? Your little friend Buggy is a total **PAIN IN MY FUR**? “I’m just sorry that I can’t organize the **HALLOWEEN** party I promised you,” I groaned.



Right then, Buggy jumped to her paws. “**SURPRISE!**” she cried in an ear-piercing squeak. “Not to worry, Uncle G,

I'm one step ahead of you. I've already organized your Halloween party. You're going to have an awesome **MUMMY PARTY!**"

Benjamin nodded. "It's going to be **fabamouse**, Uncle!" he squeaked.

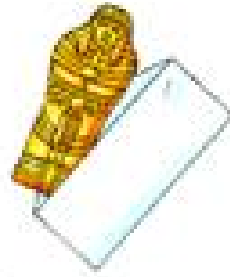
Hmm. A mummy party? To tell you the truth, I was still a little afraid of mummies. I mean, even though we discovered the **MUMMY WITH NO NAME** wasn't alive, the whole idea still made my fur stand on end.

Bugsy was going on and on about her party plans. It seemed she had baked cookies shaped like mummies, made up a creepy **mummy dance**, and sent the guests invitations in the shape of a sarcophagus.



“And you won’t believe how many rodents are coming, Uncle G,” Buggy continued. “I invited all your friends, all your neighbors, everyone at *The Rodent’s Gazette* and at the Egyptian Mouseum, the mailmouse, the garbage mouse, the sewer rat, and tons of other perfect strangers I met on the street. Your house is going to be packed!”

PERFECT STRANGERS? Packed? Can you guess what happened next? Yes. I **FAINTED**. Fortunately, I was already lying in bed.



A PARTY TO *Remumber*



Trouble

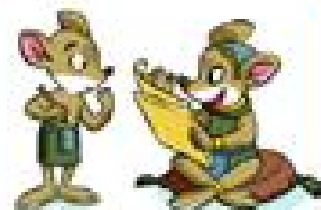
I was released from the hospital on the day of the party. When I arrived home, I saw that there were GIANT PAPIER-MÂCHÉ COLUMNS all around the living room and everyone was dressed in ancient Egyptian costumes. Bugsy introduced me to her baby brother Trouble—the name says it all. Her cousin Zak, on the other paw, was very funny. He hit it off with my young assistant, Pinky Pick. Before long, the two were laughing and telling silly mummy jokes....



Zak

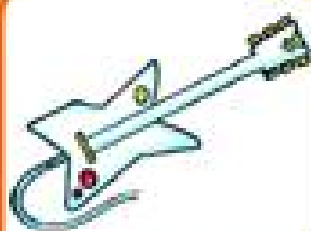
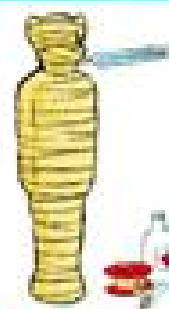
Zak and Pinky's MUMMY Jokes

What did the baby mummy say when
he got lost at the supermarket?
I want my mummy!



What did the mummy say when he
landed on the moon?
One small step for mummy, one giant
leap for mummykind!

Why did the mummy go to the hospital?
He had a mummyache.



What do you call a mummy
who plays a guitar?
A strummy mummy!





I have to admit, the party was truly **FABUMOUSE**. Buggy taught all of the guests a game she called the **Egyptian Conñption**. And everyone munched on mummy cookies and bobbed for apples floating in a plastic sarcophagus.

The guests had a super time. And I have to say, I was feeling a little less **creeped out** by the whole mummy thing. After all, it's not every day that you get to meet a **MUMMY WITH NO NAME....**



**HOW TO
ORGANIZE A**

**CHILLING
MUMMY
PARTY!**



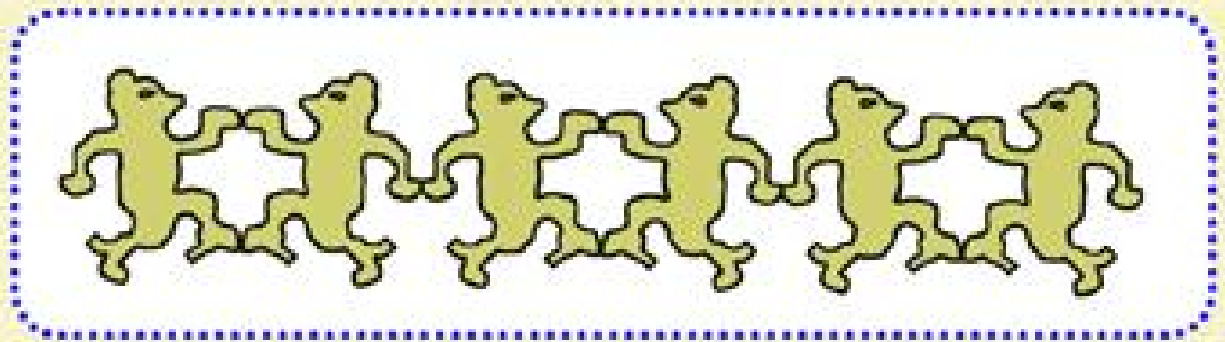
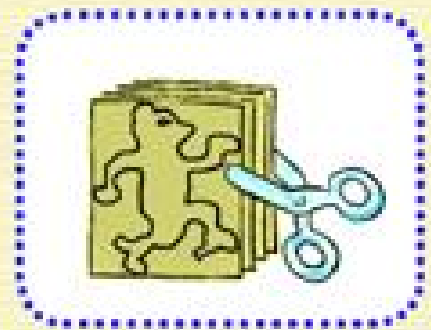
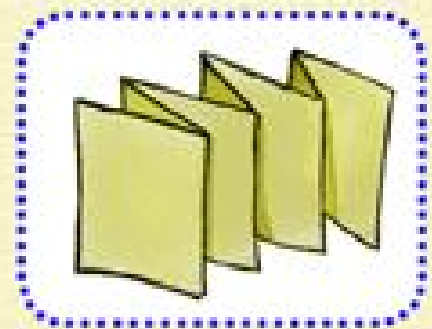


MUMMY CHAIN

What you need:

- Brown paper
- Pencil
- Round-tipped scissors
- Sticky tape

1. Take a long strip of brown paper and fold it into a fan, as shown.
2. Draw the form of a mummy on the top sheet and cut around the figure with the round-tipped scissors.
3. Open the mummy chain and hang it on the walls of the party room with sticky tape.





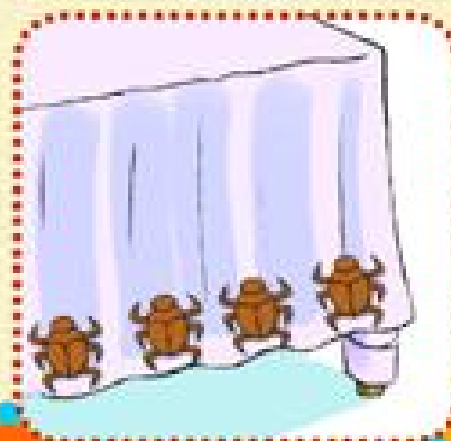
MUMMIFIED TABLE

What you need:

- Toilet paper
- White tissue paper
- Brown construction paper
- Round-tipped scissors
- Glue



1. Wrap the table's and chairs' legs with toilet paper in such a way that they appear mummified.
2. Cover the entire table with white tissue paper.
3. On brown construction paper, draw lots of scarabs and then cut them out with the round-tipped scissors. You may draw or trace the scarabs from the drawing on this page.
4. Glue the scarabs around the border of the entire tissue-paper tablecloth as shown.





THE SARCOPHAGUS INVITATION

How can you invite your friends to a Mummy Party? With an invitation in the shape of an Egyptian sarcophagus, of course! This is how to make the invitation.

What you need:

- Drawing paper
- Pencil
- Round-tipped scissors
- Markers

1. On a piece of drawing paper, draw or trace the sarcophagus seen on the next page.
2. With the round-tipped scissors, cut it out and color it as you wish.
3. Make as many sarcophagi as there are friends you plan to invite, and give one to each person.







MUMMY COSTUME

What you need:

- Dark eyeliner (or black eyebrow pencil)
- White socks
- White gloves
- White sweater
- White pants
- White toilet paper
- Sticky tape



1. Ask your mom or other adult to lend you her dark eyeliner. Apply it around your eyes so that it looks like you have the dark-circled eyes of a mummy.
2. Put on the sweater, pants, socks, and gloves. Wrap the toilet paper around your entire body. Try to put it on carefully, avoiding your eyes and nose!
3. Tape the "bandages" with sticky tape. Now the only thing that's left for you to do is to go around . . . moaning!



"UUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHH!"



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN COSTUME

What you need:

- Dark eyeliner (or black eyebrow pencil)
- Black construction paper
- Round-tipped scissors
- Black yarn
- Sticky tape
- White tunic or large white T-shirt
- Colored scarf



1. Using the round-tipped scissors, make a wig by cutting out a strip of black construction paper as large as the circumference of your head. It should be about two inches wide.
2. On the inside of the paper, attach the strings of black yarn with the sticky tape. The pieces of yarn should be all the same length so you can form a nice, neat head of hair.
3. Put on a white tunic or a large white T-shirt. Tie a colored scarf around your waist.
4. Apply a little eyeliner around your eyes, and look at yourself in the mirror. You'll look like a real ancient Egyptian!



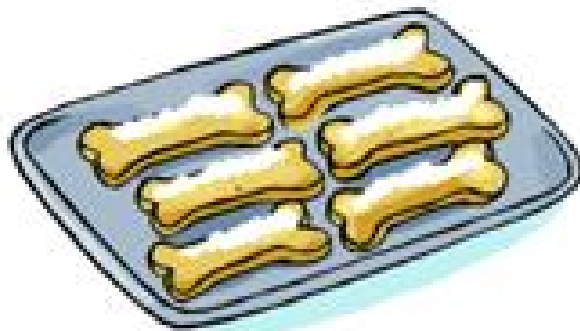


MUMMY BONES

Ingredients:

- White sheet cake
- Whipped cream (or frosting)

1. Ask an adult to cut lots of pieces from the cake in the shape of bones.
2. Place the bones in a serving dish and cover them with a layer of whipped cream (or frosting). They'll really seem like mummy bones!





EGYPTIAN SPIDERS

Ingredients

- Dinner rolls
- Ham
- Stuffed olives
- Toothpicks

1. Ask an adult to cut the rolls in half and fill each roll with ham.
2. Poke a toothpick into each olive, being careful not to push it all the way through.
3. Poke the two toothpicks with the two stuffed olives into the top of each roll; they will be the "eyes."
4. Add the "legs" by inserting four toothpicks on each side of the roll. Enjoy!

Creepy and
delicious!



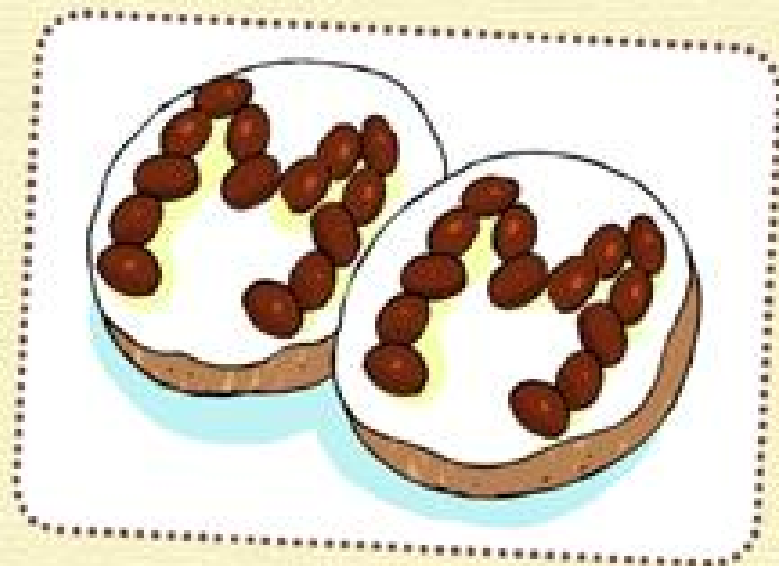


MUMMY DUST COOKIES

Ingredients:

- Round lemon or vanilla cookies
- 1 Tbsp. lemon juice
- 1/2 cup confectioners' sugar
- Chocolate candies

1. Prepare the glaze by mixing the confectioners' sugar and lemon juice in a bowl.
2. Spread the glaze on the cookies.
3. Using the chocolate candies, spell out an *M* for Mummy on top of each cookie.



YUMMY MUMMY!

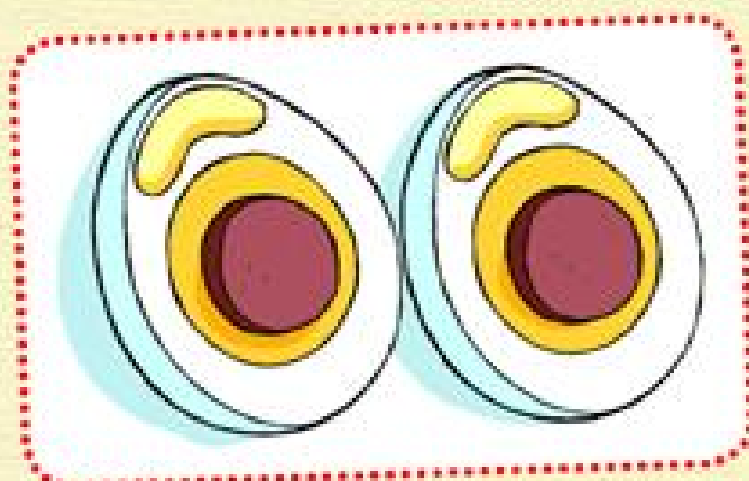


MUMMY eyes

Ingredients:

- Hard-boiled eggs
- Hot dog
- Mustard in a squirt bottle

1. Ask an adult to hard-boil the eggs. Shell them and cut them in half length-wise (as shown).
2. Put the halved eggs in a serving dish so that the cut side is facing you.
3. Ask an adult to slice the hot dog, and put a slice of hot dog in the center of each yolk.
4. Squirt some mustard above the yolk and hot dog slice to form an eyebrow. Do you have the feeling you're being watched?



ALL EYES ARE ON YOU!!



THE MUMMY DANCE

Choose some music and go all out with your friends in a chilling dance!

1. Raise your right arm in front of you. Lift the left arm and keep both raised.
2. Take a step forward with your right leg and then take a step forward with your left leg.
3. Now stop. Raise your arms above your head and shake them while moaning as if you're a mummy.
4. Still shaking your arms, bend down as far as you can. Start over again and repeat steps 1–4.

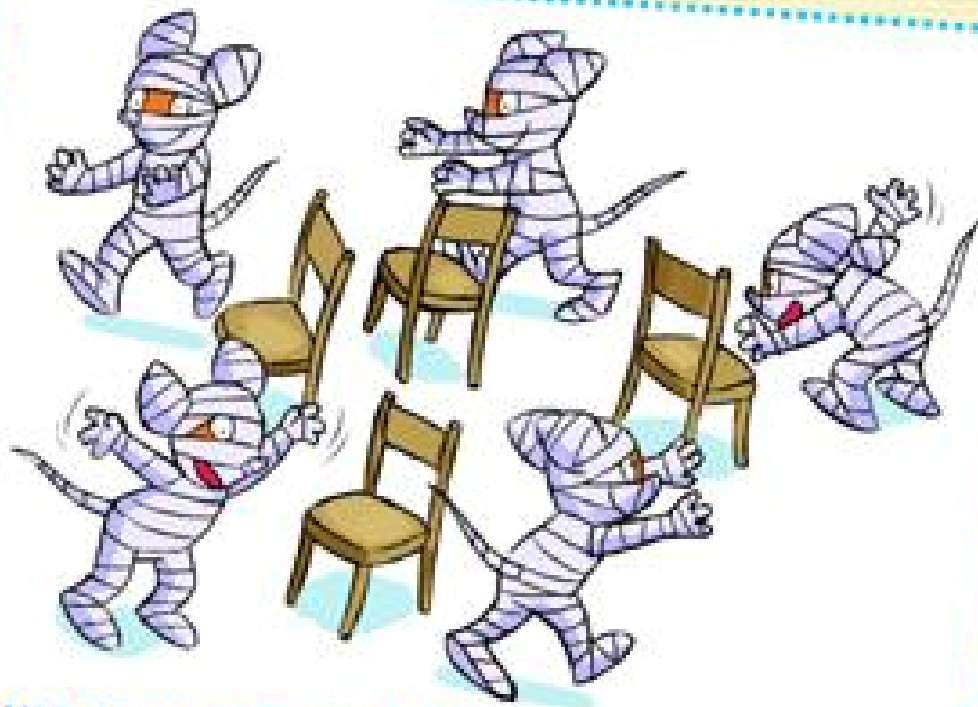




Egyptian Connription

1. Take as many chairs as there are players less one and put them in a circle. These will represent the sarcophagus.
2. Start dancing around the room. When the music stops, every mummy player needs to sit in a sarcophagus chair.
3. Whoever is left without a chair will be eliminated from the game. Continue the game by taking one chair away at a time.

The last person with a chair wins!



ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Born in New Mouse City, Mouse Island, **GERONIMO STILTON** is Rattus Emeritus of Mousomorphic Literature and of Neo-Ratonic Comparative Philosophy. For the past twenty years, he has been running *The Rodent's Gazette*, New Mouse City's most widely read daily newspaper.

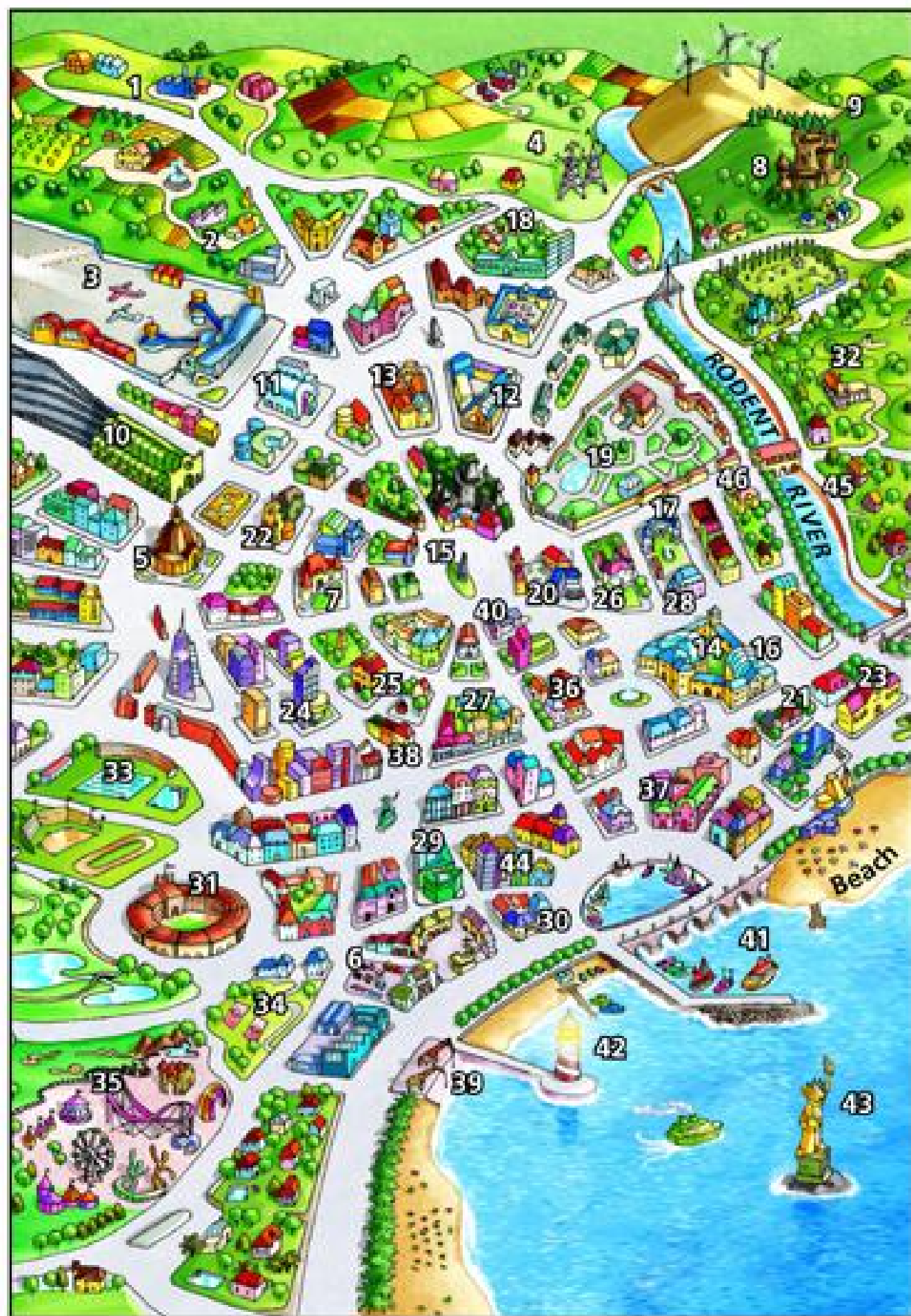
Stilton was awarded the Ratitzer Prize for his scoops on *The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid* and *The Search for Sunken Treasure*. He has also received the Andersen 2000 Prize for Personality of the Year. One of his bestsellers won the 2002 eBook Award for world's best ratlings' electronic book. His works have been published all over the globe.

In his spare time, Mr. Stilton collects antique cheese rinds and plays golf. But what he most enjoys is telling stories to his nephew Benjamin.



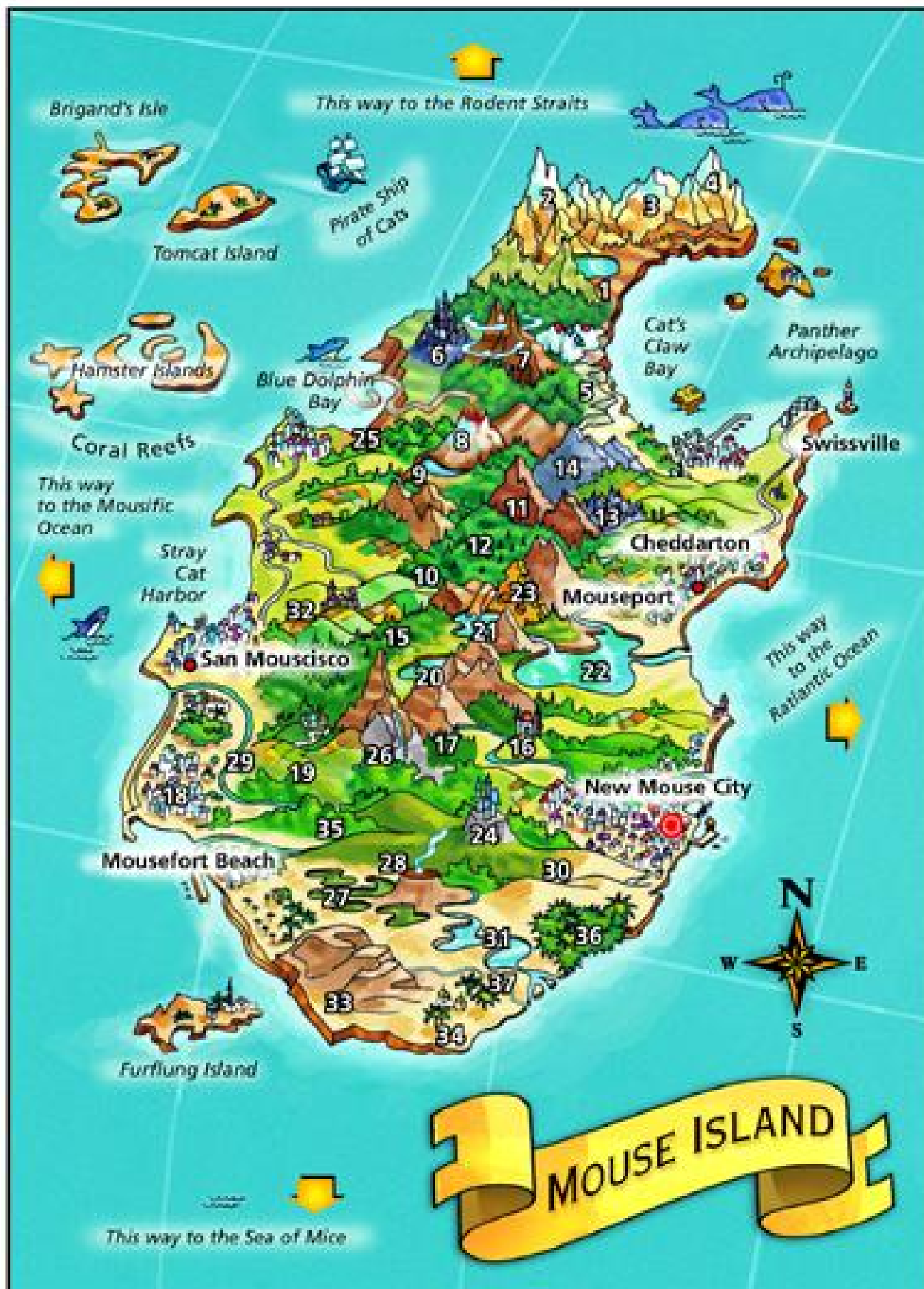
1. Main entrance
2. Printing presses (where the books and newspaper are printed)
3. Accounts department
4. Editorial room (where the editors, illustrators, and designers work)
5. Geronimo Stilton's office
6. Helicopter landing pad

*THE RODENT'S
GAZETTE*



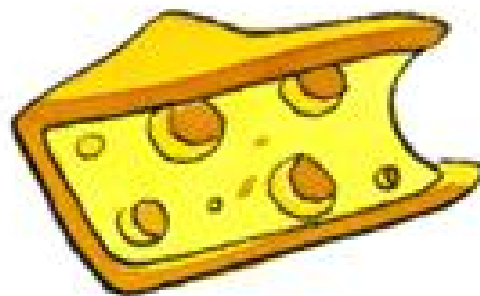
Map of New Mouse City

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Industrial Zone | 25. <i>The Rodent's Gazette</i> |
| 2. Cheese Factories | 26. Trap's House |
| 3. Angorat International Airport | 27. Fashion District |
| 4. WRAT Radio and Television Station | 28. The Mouse House Restaurant |
| 5. Cheese Market | 29. Environmental Protection Center |
| 6. Fish Market | 30. Harbor Office |
| 7. Town Hall | 31. Mousidon Square Garden |
| 8. Snotnose Castle | 32. Golf Course |
| 9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island | 33. Swimming Pool |
| 10. Mouse Central Station | 34. Blushing Meadow Tennis Courts |
| 11. Trade Center | 35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park |
| 12. Movie Theater | 36. Geronimo's House |
| 13. Gym | 37. Historic District |
| 14. Catnegie Hall | 38. Public Library |
| 15. Singing Stone Plaza | 39. Shipyard |
| 16. The Gouda Theater | 40. Thea's House |
| 17. Grand Hotel | 41. New Mouse Harbor |
| 18. Mouse General Hospital | 42. Luna Lighthouse |
| 19. Botanical Gardens | 43. The Statue of Liberty |
| 20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store) | 44. Hercule Poirat's Office |
| 21. Parking Lot | 45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House |
| 22. Museum of Modern Art | 46. Grandfather William's House |
| 23. University and Library | |
| 24. <i>The Daily Rat</i> | |



Map of Mouse Island

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Big Ice Lake | 21. Lake Lakelake |
| 2. Frozen Fur Peak | 22. Lake Lakelakelake |
| 3. Slipperyslopes Glacier | 23. Cheddar Crag |
| 4. Coldcreeps Peak | 24. Cannycat Castle |
| 5. Ratzikistan | 25. Valley of the Giant Sequoia |
| 6. Transratania | 26. Cheddar Springs |
| 7. Mount Vamp | 27. Sulfurous Swamp |
| 8. Roastedrat Volcano | 28. Old Reliable Geyser |
| 9. Brimstone Lake | 29. Vole Vale |
| 10. Poopedcat Pass | 30. Ravingrat Ravine |
| 11. Stinko Peak | 31. Gnat Marshes |
| 12. Dark Forest | 32. Munster Highlands |
| 13. Vain Vampires Valley | 33. Mousehara Desert |
| 14. Goose Bumps Gorge | 34. Oasis of the Sweaty Camel |
| 15. The Shadow Line Pass | 35. Cabbagehead Hill |
| 16. Penny Pincher Castle | 36. Rattytrap Jungle |
| 17. Nature Reserve Park | 37. Rio Mosquito |
| 18. Las Ratayas Marinas | |
| 19. Fossil Forest | |
| 20. Lake Lake | |



Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton